

CURIOUS CAREER OF A BAD BUNDLE.

A Big Pile of Linen Knocked Mr. Schiele Out and Fractured His Ankle.

Thrown by a Servant from the Top to the Bottom of the Burden Mansion.

A PAINFULLY AMUSING ACCIDENT.

Barber Schiele Will Be Laid Up for Several Weeks and Mr. Burden Is Shaved by Another—A Woman's Aim.

The one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is to be found in an accident which involves Mr. I. Townsend Burden, millionaire and member of the Four Hundred, and his barber, Frank Schiele.

In this case it was a pretty severe touch, for it laid Mr. Schiele up with a broken ankle. The next serious result of the incident was that one of the most ornamental members of New York society went without his customary shave for several hours.

It is a vast and complex task to trace the good and evil results of any human action. Two misfortunes followed this one. On the other hand, it may be pointed out that but for the accident related here the world at large would never have known of the artistic eminence of Mr. Schiele. May this reflection be a consolation to him in his affliction.

Mr. Burden, who lives at No. 3 Madison Square, North, recently acquired fame as the victim of a great diamond robbery. He is a handsome man, of middle age, with a beautiful, ruddy complexion and thick gray hair. He wears a mustache and an imperial. There is no man in New York society who is better entitled to the description of well groomed. Every man who thinks about his own personal appearance knows that the barber is essential to such distinction as Mr. Burden's.

To maintain those luxuriant ornaments in perfect order and to keep the shaven surface of the chin in harmony with the delicate coloring of the cheek—that is a task of which any barber might be proud. By the publication of the fact that Mr. Schiele accomplished it, he is raised to a rank in his profession which must command the respect both of the Four Hundred and of the public at large.

Mr. Schiele's place of business is at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh street. He has been accustomed to go every morning to Mr. Burden's house, and there to shave the millionaire in his bedroom and dress his hair. Mr. Burden is not addicted to the English custom of shaving one's self, nor does he trust himself to the doubtful services of a valet, but, like a wise and civilized man, he patronizes a shaving artist.

On Monday morning last Barber Schiele went to the Burden house at 9 o'clock. According to his custom he went straight to Mr. Burden's apartments, where he spread out the implements of his craft. Then he proceeded to the kitchen and provided himself with a bowl of hot water.

Having the bowl gingerly before him, he walked up the stairs. His mind doubtless was occupied with the temperature of the water, the condition of his tools and other features of the delicate and pleasing task that lay before him. Little need did he pay to the activities of the household maids, who, nevertheless, were very busy at that early hour of the morning.

He had gone nearly to the first landing when the blow fell which has caused this history to be written. Here it is necessary to explain that Monday is washday in the Burden house, as in other lumber homes. The wash is gathered together on the top floor and tied up with a sheet. To save themselves the trouble of carrying the big bundle from top to bottom of the house, the servants have been in the habit of throwing it down stairs. There is a large well in the centre of the staircase, which makes this an easy matter.

"Och! There it is all, at last!" said Bridget. "And a mighty big little bundle it is. Here goes! Mind yer head there, Katy!"

Then, with feminine precision, she threw the big bundle down the well. It described a curve and went inside the banisters, striking Barber Schiele fairly on the forehead. With eyes fixed upon the bowl and hands occupied with it, he was absolutely unprepared. It knocked him off his feet and he and the bowl rolled convulsively to the bottom of the stairs.

"Ah, ye wandering Dutchman! Why did ye put yer head there?" exclaimed the markswoman.

The barber was howling with pain and rage, and using language that could not be repeated in polite society.

"Ach! You have broken all my legs!" he said, among other things.

The servants went to his rescue and found he could hardly move. They called a doctor, who, after an examination, found that Mr. Schiele's ankle was broken in three places. The doctor advised that an ambulance should be called. This was done and the barber was removed to the New York Hospital.

In the meantime Mr. Burden, who had been waiting impatiently in his pajamas for the missing barber, came out. He was very angry when he learned what had happened, and gave orders that in future the servants should not throw bundles from top to bottom of the house to save themselves trouble, the penalty for breaking the rule to be instant dismissal. At the same time he expressed his sincere sympathy with the barber.

At the hospital the surgeons informed Schiele that it would be several weeks before he could get out. In addition to breaking his ankle in three places he had received severe bruises on his body and his face was disfigured. He looked like a man who had fallen among thistles rather than a barber who had just paid a professional visit to a millionaire's house.

Mr. Burden received a letter which was turned him from the admirable rule of concentrating the mind upon that which one is doing. Let us hope that it will not have that effect, but rather that it will strengthen him in a determination to meet with an open countenance whatever may be thrown at him by outrageous fate.

Sure the accident Mr. Burden has been attended by Barber Schiele's assistant, who is striving to follow worthily in the footsteps of his superior. Naturally he cast an upward glance as he mends the stairs in the morning, but the servants have learnt a lesson for a time. It would not, however, be surprising if the apprehension which the young barber feels should prevent him from acquiring the high degree of skill of his predecessor.

From the foregoing the moral is to be deduced that—

No human mind the future knows
Of a bundle of our dirty clothes.

LIVE SEA SERPENTS THAT ARE GENUINE.

Prof. Dittmars, of the Natural History Museum, on the Real Article.

This Scientist, Who Has Made a Study of Sea Serpents, Tells Where and How They Live.

THEY BITE WITH DEADLY FANGS.

Volcanic Eruptions Which Warmed the Sea and Sent Thousands of Sea Serpents to the Surface, Where They Terrified Spectators.

During the past year many varying stories have appeared about sea serpents. The German Government has officially recognized the sea serpent in a special report.

These occurrences have led me, as a scientist, to collect some facts concerning the true sea snakes, which have been one of my special studies. These snakes are known to scientists as the family hydrophidae. Its members abound in tropical seas, from the east coast of Africa eastward to the Islands of Panama, the northern limit being the Tropic of Cancer and the southern the Tropic of Capricorn, venturing out of these boundaries only in warm ocean currents.

Strange and formidable reptiles are these sea serpents. They have a flat paddle-like tail, which enables them to dart through the water with grace and great activity. They are provided with fangs that make them among the most venomous of serpents.

These sea serpents are a great terror to fishermen who often haul them in their nets. When taken from their native element they strike wildly at every moving object, as their delicate eye pupils, adapted for seeing under water, contract and render the animal partially blind. If kept from the water they soon die.

The food of the sea snakes consists entirely of fishes, which are killed by the poison before being swallowed. Often fishes with long and sharp spines fall victims to the reptile. The snakes, however, offer no inconvenience, as the fish is first killed by the venom, and swallowed head first, the spines being pressed back against the body of the victim as deglutition proceeds.

Unlike other snakes, the skin of the sea serpents instead of being shed entire, peels off in pieces as in lizards. The scale formation is also different, the scales being proportionately small. In only a few species do the scales overlap, as in the terrestrial snake.

Like most of the poisonous species of snakes, the sea serpents are not oviparous, but bring forth living young, though not any great number at a time. These young sea serpents are reared upon tiny fishes. The adults, formidable as they may be, likewise, often fall victims to sharks and sea eagles. The latter swoop down upon them as they lay sleeping on the surface of the water. Before the reptile has a chance to bite the powerful talons of the eagle have sunk into its vitals.

As these reptiles are very timid and generally swim away at the slightest alarm, accidents to man are seldom reported. But the deadliness of their fangs was illustrated in the case of an unfortunate fisherman, who died in a little over three hours after receiving a bite from one of the larger species.

owing to the difficulty of capture, the habits of the sea serpent are but little known. Captive specimens have been placed in large salt water tanks, but, stoutly refusing the fish that swim around them, they retire into a dark corner and ultimately die of starvation.

Many of the species have the power of twisting the tail around a projection, and in calm, shallow places, where there are coral growths, the prehensile tail is wrapped around a branch of coral, while the animal's snout is exposed above the water for breathing. In this position these sea serpents sometimes remain for hours enjoying the warm rays of the sun that permeate the water.

One of the most common species is the "Kalla Whallage Pinn," so-called by the Indian fishermen and scientifically known as Pelamis biocolor. It has the most extensive range of any of the species, and is also one of the smallest, seldom exceeding a yard in length. The genus Hydrophis contains some of the largest species and exceedingly handsome in coloration. A familiar example is the duffer (Hydrophis sublaevis), which is yellow, with black rings. It is often seen swimming its gayly colored body on the surface of the sea, during calm weather.

The sea snakes are most abundant in the waters of the East Indian Archipelago. During the great eruption of Krakatau the panic-stricken people fled in terror to boats of all descriptions, but leaving the fringed shores of Sumatra where hot stones rained in showers and the lava poured its molten mass down into the sea, scarcely seemed an improvement for the sea snakes that abound in those waters, terrified by the rapidly increasing heat of the sea, seeking refuge in the boats of the refugees, and in their frantic efforts to escape from the heated waters, tried to make their way over the low gunwales of the smaller boats and crawled in numbers upon the forward chains of the fishing craft. Thus did these unwelcome companions accompany the fleet in its flight for life.

None of the sea snakes have any external organs of locomotion excepting the flat paddle-like tail. They never attain a length of over twelve feet. Moreover, they are not found in temperate regions.

The stories of "sea serpents" of seventy-five feet or more in length, and with fins like a Roman galley, either originate from distorted imaginations or concern creatures entirely new to science.

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THREE PILLARS OF FIRE.

Extraordinary Spectacle Recently Witnessed When the Lightning Stood Still in Matabeland.

The pillar of fire in the sky which figures so conspicuously in Biblical literature has been discovered. At least that is one theory advanced as a result of a remarkable heavenly display witnessed December 2 at Bulawayo, in Matabeland, South Africa. It is thus described in a letter to the Royal Society of London:

"I think it may interest you to know that an extraordinary flash of lightning was witnessed from this place of evening at 7:38 p. m. It has been raining in torrents nearly all day long; the heavens soon cleared and saturated with rain, but we have had no thunder at all."

"We were seated around a table in a room in Fifth street and only one of our eyes was turned in the direction of the door, which was open. Suddenly he exclaimed: 'Good heavens! just look at that lightning! It's standing still!'"

"All of us promptly went to the door, whence we witnessed a truly extraordinary sight. It was the shape of three pillars of greenish-white lightning, which hung in the sky motionless for what must have been fifteen to twenty seconds, seemed to be a long way off in a northwesterly direction, as we heard no report of thunder whatever. We put some questions to one Makalala boy, who said that he had never seen anything like it in all his life. There could be no mistake about it. It was as distinct as possible, and it lasted for twenty seconds at least. I should say twenty, myself."

For fear these statements would be regarded as a joke, lightning that stood still having never been heard of before, the leading banker of Bulawayo and two merchants signed this letter to the Royal Society, and they added the names of half a dozen other witnesses.

The Very Funny Thing That Happened in Millionaire Burden's Residence.



MEN WHO HAVE MOVABLE HEARTS.

Remarkable Articles of the Life-Giving Organ in Five Authenticated Cases.

Nature's Strange Freaks for Which the Doctors Have No Explanation.

SAVED ONE MAN FROM A BULLET.

His Jealous Rival Shot Him, but the Murderous Missile Missed the Destination Intended.

The human heart has been up to some queer freaks of late in various parts of the United States. Indiana leads, as she usually does, in the matter of freaks. In the town of Anderson in that lovely commonwealth lives one John Reville, an enterprising, hard-working baker. It was Reville's good or bad fortune, as he looks at it, to woo and win Mary Hastings, esteemed by many of the youth of Indiana. When the engagement of the baker to Mary was announced there was much anger among the girl's less-favored suitors.

Henry Jameson, who had for certain of Mary's affections, did not content himself with mere words. He lay in wait for Reville on the night of January 30, and when the happy lover left the home of his fiancée Jameson rushed on him, and pressing a pistol to Reville's heart, pulled the trigger.

That would have been the end of Reville had he been built like other people. But it happened during a recent illness his heart had shifted from the left to the right side, so that the bullet that was to have ended his life sped harmlessly between his seventh and eighth ribs, and to-day he is about again almost as well as ever and preparing for his wedding.

As for Jameson, he's in jail, thanking his stars, now that his jealousy has cooled down, that Nature helped him to escape the gallows.

Almost as queer is the case of Marion Elmore, of Chicago. Marion is a young woman of nineteen and is employed as a saleswoman in a dry goods store. No one ever suspected that there was anything wrong with her heart until the other day, when she underwent an examination by the medical examiner of a life insurance company. The medical man found that Marion had been born with a proper enough heart, but it had gradually worked its way over from the left to the right side, being located now close to the ribs in the place where her liver ought to be.

Miss Harle Benedict has a heart that for months past has been in a state of transit, moving from its normal position toward the right side and up and down toward the back again. County, this State. Four months ago she fell into a trance that lasted until last Monday, when she practically regained consciousness. Dr. William Hubbell, who had her in charge, said the first words she uttered were:

"I am alive. Please do not bury me."

Then she passed her hand to her right side and declared that her "heart" was hurting her. Dr. Hubbell made an examination and found that the heart had shifted fully four inches to the right and two inches upward. The doctor was by no means surprised, as the heart had been guilty of similar eccentricity three times during the trance condition. Each time the organ went back to its old position, and Dr. Hubbell declares there is no danger to be apprehended. He can give no reason for the strange phenomenon. The rest of this unfortunate girl's remarkable story is told elsewhere in this paper.

Edward Harris's heart began to change two years ago. Harris lives in Minneapolis, and the doctors there have been keeping close watch on him. They found that every three months Harris's heart has moved half an inch with absolute regularity in a diagonal line toward the lower right side of his body. The movement seems to take place in jumps that occur toward the end of every third month. When the migration is going to stop is a problem that is filling the unfortunate owner of the heart with much pensiveness. His general health does not seem to have been affected, and he says he feels no pain. He never knows that his heart has shifted until the doctors tell him so after each move.

Here in New York City Dr. Cyrus Edison has a queer case in one of the patients whom he has treated for constipation with his famous remedy. The patient had lost one lung, the right, before he came to Dr. Edison, and had been given up as a hopeless case by half a dozen physicians. Dr. Edison himself had but little hope of effecting a cure, as the left lung had been attacked. But he gave the patient the usual hydropneumothorax, and to every one's surprise the man recovered.

To-day he is apparently almost as well as ever is, although he has but one lung. But a strange thing has happened. In accordance with Nature's usual law of compensation by which one organ that is unable to perform the functions of two is correspondingly strengthened, the patient's remaining lung has been very much enlarged. So great was this enlargement, however, that the heart has been displaced and now beats about in the middle of the man's body.

A NEW KIND OF MONKEY.

Here is a Pig-Tailed Species Discovered in Java Which Some Regard as a Missing Link.

A new species of monkey has been found. These monkeys were discovered in Java, and Mr. W. Engelhardt recently presented one to the Zoological Society Garden in London, where it has excited the wonder of scientists, to whom the species is absolutely new.

The peculiarity of this new monkey is that it has a pig's tail. The species has been named the pig-tailed monkey, the scientific name being *Macacus nemestrinus*.

The tail of the monkey is short and slender and almost hairless, and it has the true corkscrew twist of the conventional pig tail. This introduces a new element into monkey science. Hitherto the tail has been regarded by scientific men as an important part of the monkey, enabling the animal to climb trees, to hang from limbs and to swing himself from one branch to another. The pig-tailed monkey obviously cannot do this.

The question has been asked if the pig-tailed monkey is the long-lost missing link. The missing link, however, was to be a sort of cross between a man and a monkey and not a cross between a monkey and a pig. A pig with a monkey's tail is now being looked for in Java.

DEAD FOR WEEKS BUT ALIVE AGAIN.

Mysterious Affliction of a Young Girl at Marengo, N. Y.

Suffered the Torture of Constant Fear of Being Buried Alive.

HER CASE PUZZLES THE DOCTORS.

She Is Scarcely Able to Speak Yet, but Will Probably Survive the Effect of Her Remarkable Experience.

To be for weeks as one dead, to be partially sensible of what is taking place about you, to be utterly deprived of voice, hearing and muscular action, to be in constant terror of being entombed alive, is perhaps one of the most dreadful and agonizing experiences that can befall a human being.

Such, however, was the condition of Miss Harle Benedict, a prepossessing young lady of Marengo, N. Y., for four months, until last week. Her case may safely be considered as one of the most remarkable of medical phenomena that has ever baffled the skill of physicians. Four months ago this young woman fell into a state of coma, which continued almost uninterruptedly for a period of over five weeks. Then a period of five weeks ensued, during which the young lady was in a semi-cataplectic condition. On the fifth of last month she again lapsed into a state of complete coma, from which she became conscious for the first time Wednesday last.

The young woman is nearly nineteen years of age, of fragile form and about the middle height. She possesses an abundance of dark brown hair, blue eyes and regular features. Her facial expression denotes a gentle and sensitive temperament; her disposition is said to be sweet and amiable.

The peculiar affliction from which Miss Benedict suffers is not characterized by the same symptoms as those reported in medical treatises. When the first trances appeared they crept gradually over the young woman without any apparent cause. Sitting in a chair or busied about the house, without regard to excitement or sound, she would become aware of a growing feeling of drowsiness, and then gradually lapse into a semi-conscious state. And though, as she afterward related, the seeming full possession of her intellectual faculties, she was utterly without the power to move or utter a single muscle of her entire body.

Her awakenings were attended by cold sweats, and every feature of her countenance was expressive of the most intense terror. On every occasion of her return to consciousness her first words, uttered in weak and broken syllables, were:

"I am alive. Please don't bury me."

"Mrs. Benedict, the girl's mother, with tears in her eyes, each time tried to calm her, assuring her that she was not going to die, and that she would soon be restored to health. Once during this period when the girl awoke she managed to get her some food. She had time to get a cup of tea and a slice of toast. Her daughter laid the toast in her hand, raising it to her mouth, when she sank back into a trance, crushing the bread in her rigid fingers. Thursday morning, November 14, 1895, she partially awoke from her trance, complaining of an acute pain at the base of the brain. She had been in a practically uninterrupted trance state for over five weeks.

Then followed nearly five weeks, during which the young lady remained in what may be termed a semi-cataplectic state, characterized by frequent intervals of complete consciousness. The distinguishing features of this mysterious system were that the young woman became suddenly motionless, the body and the limbs were flexible and retained any position in which they might be placed, the action of the heart and lungs was easily perceptible and yet external observation of the pulse and respiration was impossible. In her moments of consciousness during this time she was haunted by a terrible premonition that her friends and the attending physicians might mistake her condition for that of death, and bury her alive.

The trance from which Miss Benedict suffered until last week came upon her almost instantly and without a moment's warning. Sunday morning, January 12, she remained in deathlike stupor until Wednesday afternoon. When the attending physician arrived to find the patient pale and white as marble, the extremities stiff and cold as in death; the eyes, which were dull and fixed, turned upward and vacant; the trachea greatly contracted; the eyelids motionless; the lips chalky white and somewhat drawn over a drooping tendency of the lower jaw. There was no indication of physical warmth.

Saturday morning, February 1, shortly after a galvanic battery had been used on the head, and under the influence of the electric current, together with that of every other vital function, seemed to take place. From that time the girl's condition and tests failed to detect the slightest operation of the heart or lungs. In this condition she continued until last Wednesday night, and those in attendance seriously believed that the girl was dead. They even imagined that decomposition had set in, and openly asserted their unwillingness to set at the bedside of a corpse. The physician, while admitting the semblance of death, still clung to the belief that life was not altogether extinct. This was pressed under the nails of the fingers with no visible effect. Food was still administered as regularly as before, but in the most minute quantities.

Tuesday evening, as Dr. Hubbell and two or three assistants were still patiently working to restore the patient's vitality, a lamp which emitted a brilliant light was placed near the head of the bed. The girl's left hand, and to the surprise of all present, though ashen, thin and ghastly as they were, a faint reddish color could be seen, denoting the existence of life. The physician then applied his hand to the girl's pulse, but was unable to detect the faintest throbbing. Her eyelids were then closed with renewed effort, and though the physician and his helpers worked all night, they met with no better result than before, except that the reddish color in the fingers seemed to have brightened somewhat.

These conditions remained unchanged until last Wednesday noon. The anxious mother and friends grouped themselves about the bedside. At length a slight wring of the eyelids was noticeable, and immediately thereafter an electric shock of terror, awful to contemplate, shook the attenuated body of the girl. A cold sweat followed, and the horror of her thoughts was plainly depicted upon her face as she exclaimed in an almost inaudible voice:

"I'm alive. Please don't bury me."

The ghastly danger to which she had been subjected—that of being exhumation—seemed to have been averted. The girl's brain and to have haunted her throughout her trance. It is thought that she endured no physical suffering whatever.

The trance has left Miss Benedict in a very weak state, and she is scarcely able to speak. She seems to be recovering slowly from her awful experience and is being cared for with every attention that money can procure. The cause of her singular disease is a mystery.